

AN
ANSWER
TO THE
PLEASURES
OF A
Single Life:
OR, THE
COMFORTS
OF
MARRIAGE
Confirm'd and Vindicated:

With the Misery of Lying alone, prov'd
and asserted.

L O N D O N,
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A N
A N S W E R

To the Pleasure of a
Single L I F E, &c.

When from Dark nothing Heaven the World did
And all was Glorious it did under take; (make,
Then were in *Eden's* Garden freely plac'd,
Each thing that's pleasant to the Sight and Taft;
'Twas fill'd with Beasts and Birds, Trees hung with
That might with Man's Celestial Humour suite. (Fruite
The World being made, both spacious and compleat,
Then Man was form'd most Nobly and Great;
When Heaven survey'd the Works that it had done,
Saw Male and Female, but found Man alone,
A baren Sex, and Insignificant,
Then God made Woman to supply the want,
And to make perfect which before was scant.
The Word no sooner spoke, but it was done;
'Cause 'twas not fit for Man to be alone;
It was not in his power without a Wife,
To reap the happy Fruits of human Life;
Nay, more than this, Mankind long since had ceas'd,
And now had been surviv'd by senceless Beast.
He'd Slept and Wasted in obscurity,
And Darkly perish'd in his Infancy.

f Heaven, had not sent so blest a Creature,
 To be the Treasure-house of human Nature;
 So the alwise Creator thought it best,
 That Man and Wife together might be blest :
 Appointed then immortal Bonds to tie,
 Two Hearts in one, with equal Amity ;
 And so he than by his alwise Direction,
 Both Souls united with the like affection;
 So very sweetly and with such delight,
 The swiftest Winged Minutes take their flight,
 And thus Gods Love to Mankind did dispence,
 The sacred Wedlock, which did then commence :
 Not founded as some Criticks say, by chance ;
 But Heaven it self, did this blest State advance.
 Not subject to the various Revolutions,
 Of fickle fading human Institutions.
 A Married Life was first contriv'd above,
 To be an Emblem of Eternal Love ;
 And after by Divine indulgence sent,
 To be the Crown of Man, and Wife's content ;
 Yet black Mouth'd Envy Strives with all its might,
 To blast the Credit of that sacred Rite.
 The hard Mouth Fops, a single Life applau'd,
 And hates a VWoman, that woun't be a Baw'd :
 Nothing he values like a single Life,
 For tho he loves a VVhore, he hates a VVife,
 Calls the poor Husband, Monkey, Ais or Dog,
 And Laughs because he wears the VWedlock Clogg,
 Yet freely they'l or'e tops of Houses Strolling,
 And venture Bones each Night a Caterwauling
 Expose himself to Falls, or Guns or Traps,
 And twenty other unforeseen Mishaps,
 All in his hot persuite of VWhores and Claps.

If

Thus single Sots, who VVedlock vainly slight,
Are Slaves to Lust both Morning, Noon and Night;
Ruin their Health, their Honour and Estate,
And buy Repentance at a curst rate:

VVhile lawful VVedded-Couples spend their times,
In happy charming 'Pleasures without Crimes,
VVhat greater Bliss, or Comfort in this Life,
Can Man desire, but with a vertuous VVife:

Ple with a VVife in lawful VVedlock sport,
While you in Woods with Beastes of Prey resort:
Your bawdy Books, your silent Consort be,
While happy Man and Wife in Love agree,
And both unite in mutual Harmonie.

Sodom for Sins like thine, by Fire was burn'd;
And from a City to a Lake was turn'd;
They Wedlock scornd, and Lust they made a Feast,
And far out did the senceless Savage Beast,
Even so, the shameless loathsome single Elff,
Worse than the Beast makes Sodom of himself;
And then to lessen those his hateful Crimes,
He Rails at Wedlock in confused Rhimes,
Calls Woman Faithless, 'cause she woun't consent,
To humour what his Bruiish Thoughts invent;
No wonder then, if with his poisonous Breath,
He strives to Blacken the Brightest thing on Earth:
Woman! by Heaven her very Name's a charm,
And will my Verse against all Criticks Arm;
She Comfort Man in all his Sweats and Toils,
And richly pays his Pains, with Love and Smiles.

'Tis Woman makes the ravish'd Poet write;
'Tis loyly Woman makes the Souldier Fight:
Should that soft Sex refuse the World to bliss,
'I would soon be turn'd into a Wilderness.

A curs'd Crow'd without all civil Rules,
 A Herd of Drinking, Cheating, Fighting Fools;
 Confusion, Madness would or'e spread the Stage,
 And Man would be Destroy'd in one short Age:
 Here Man must own, tho scarce without a Blush,
 They rather do excel than Equal us;
 As useful and more nimble are their Powers,
 Their Judgments sharp, and sooner ripe than ours:
 Yet foul Mouth'd Scribler, makes a publick Scorn,
 On whom our great Redeemer he was Born;
 But Sir! the Bays, they are so much their due;
 They I wear, inspite of Impudence and you;
 You are so hateful cruel and unjust,
 To Load that Sex, with ugly brand of Lust:
Whose whome deserved Slight's and losses vex,
invent new Sins, and throw 'em on that Sex;
Whose thrifty wickedness the Sex forsakes,
He on these beauteous fields a Sodom makes:
He ne're assaults but where the Walls are slight,
true Bullies will with none but Cowards fight.
 A vertuous Woman values fame too high,
 To let such Beastly Slaves her Walls come nigh,
 And that's the cause, he's now her Enemy:
 When the White flag you see by them hung out,
 You then are wonderous daring bold and stout,
 When once you but discover those within,
 By their faint fire, have a low magazine.
 A slender stock of Chastity in store,
 Your Oathes and Curses then like Cannon roar
 You Devil like; cry out a Whore, a Whore.
 But if a vertuous Wife you tempt in vain,
 Who doth resist you with deserv'd disdain:
 And forc'd to leave her with despair and shame,
 Your Poisonous Tongue at least will blast her Fame,
 For her you can't; you'l ruin her good Name,

Is this the single Life you boast so much,
 Are these the Charms, that does your Fancy touch,
 Are these the Blessings which you have enjoy'd,
 Are these the arts your lustful thoughts imploy'd;
 'Tis plain your roving fancy is far worse,
 Than that Blest state which you esteem a Curse;
 You make it so by your insatiate mind,
 Unbounded lust can never be confin'd.
 It is a Riddle which I can't unsould
 That any Man, can such base notions hold,
 Disgrace all order, Marriage Bed defy
 And gives Mankind and God himself the lye,
 It is a shame, that any Man of Sense,
 Should have so damn'd a stock of Impudence;
 Controul his Maker; and with his Laws dispence.
 Blasphemous wretch, the scorn of human race,
 The very spawn of what is vile and base:
 Who with your cursed pen, you're not afraid
 To cross the end for which Mankind was made;
 Alas! what could poor helpless Man have done
 If he had been to live on Earth alone,
 He'd been the worst of all God's vast Creation,
 And sunk below the sence of procreation:
 He'd muddl'd out his Days in private fear,
 And when in sorrow none with him to share:
 The Birds and Beasts each other chose his Mate,
 And are above the flint of single Fate;
 The whole Creation, hate's a single Life.
 And shall not Man enjoy a loving Wife?
 Sure this Wife Hater, lately came from Hell
 To teach poor single Mortals to rebel,
 Against the sacred Laws of God and Man
 From whence the state of Wedlock first began,

(7)
 To make our Minds diviner charmes to suite,
 Which makes the difference twixt a Man and Brute;
 But this blasphemous Scribler tramples down,
 These antient Fences; of such great renown,
 And Lashes forth among the Shelves and Rocks
 And plead's for plagues of single Life and Pox:
 He Courts in Print, all others to be Lewd,
 And condemns a Wife and swears he will be rude:
 He talks of Roving from each Pole, to Pole,
 And with fresh lustful pleasures drown his Soul:
 He calls that ease, which Christians counts a Sin,
 And walks the Road which Thives and Rogues go in:
 He plainly tells how he does spend his time
 In lazy progress, shewes what is his Crime
 In bawdy Books, with Calves skin fenced round,
 Proof enough, wherein his faults abound.
 He talks of moderation or'e a Glass
 But mentions none of that when with his Lads,
 He's Knave in Grain; a Blockhead and an Ass.
 Because a Cuckold's Life was his hard fate,
 He'll Wedlock be abused at this rate?
 Because he had a strumpit for his Wife,
 He now commends a mopish single Life.
 He'll him content himself to live a Drone,
 In some dark Corner of the World alone;
 And trouble not his Brains with our blest State,
 Which now is far above his wretched fate;
 He talks of prayers a little while before,
 And then he curs'd his Wife and call'd her whore.
 He meddles of confusion, never worse,
 He'll pray, then swear, give thanks to God and curse.
 The Wife he lost, has faults as black as Hell,
 He sets her off, with a most dismal smell,
 Not one filible of his own he'll tell.

He owns his Cuckoldom, and which is worse;
 How then the Cuckold su'd out his Divorce:
 No doubts, the VVife, that he has Abdicated,
 (Had he been good,) her ills had been abated:
 But VVomen when provok'd, without a Cause,
 They like enraged subjects, breaks the Lawes:
 His VVhip and Spur, was too unkindly us'd;
 The weaker Vessel must not be abus'd.
 If he too strictly held her by the reins,
 He must accept the Cuckold for his pains.

Farewel, thou scandal of a married Life,
 Thou single Pop, grand Hater of a VVife;
 Thou Plague to Churches. and to Women too,
 'Tis time for either, to have done with you:
 No more attempt, Heavens Laws for to confute,
 No more advise Mankind, to be a Pruite;
But spend they Days in some dark lonesome Cave,
And to thy brutish Lust be still a Slave.
 Go sneak in some vile Corner of the Earth,
 VVith Pox and Plagues, resign thy poisonous Breath,
 And may the worst of Torturs be thy Death.

FINIS.
